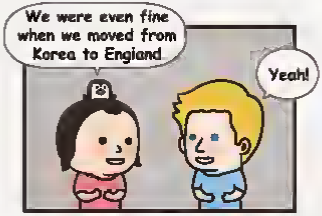
I've lost them

People say that
you often lose something
when you move home.

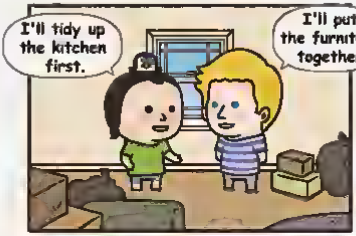
Mev and I hadn't lost anything
the three times that we had moved
in the past.



So we were thinking that
we were good at moving home.

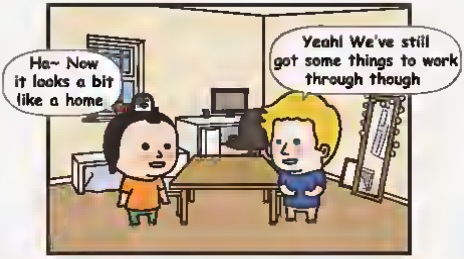
But this 4th time was different.

As the time we had spent together
got longer and longer,
we had collected more stuff
to share together.



So we had more things to move and tidy up than before.

Even for the first few days, we did almost nothing other than unpacking boxes.



It wasn't fast because we could only work at home in the evenings after both of us had finished work in the day.

But about one week later, after the home looked a lot better.

Finally we said goodbye to
the energy bars for breakfast,
and shop's sandwiches
and pub meals,...

... although it wasn't a good meal, we decided to eat at the dinner table at home.

I put dishes on the dinner table and was about to bring knives and forks.

...knives and forks...

or spoons and chopsticks...

Yes.
I couldn't find any of them.

It seemed like that
one of crumpled plastic bags that
I thought rubbish was...

... a bag with all of our cutlery in.

I found that moving home wasn't an easy job and that something could happen even when I thought it was all done.

And Mev...

... he was dumbfounded.